

Priceless Economic System

WHY?

The PES would eliminate the reason to: start wars, pollute, steal, cause starvation and taxes. Is that a good enough reason to change? Well, the PES will also give you abundance and personal freedom. How about that?

The PES was used successfully for hundreds of thousands of years before barter and money were invented.

The PES was an economic system where all work was done by volunteers. This produced all goods and services without a monetary cost so all goods and services were free.

Instead of being motivated to work by money and the things that money could buy, people were motivated to work by need and the joys derived from doing work they enjoyed.

Volunteers can choose the kind of work they please and get free on-the-job training in the PES. Unpleasant jobs would be either automated, discontinued or made into enjoyable work.

There would be no resale value or status in free goods so there would be no reason to take too much. Too much would then be a burden.

HOW?

How can we inform people about the PES? How can they gain hope that the PES could be installed? What can the individual do to help make this happen? How can one start the PES in his/her own life right now? The Little Free Press newsletter, in most issues, explores and attempts to answer these questions.

Left Home

I left Little Falls, Minnesota, on 8-15-94 and headed for Boulder, Colorado to visit a friend. Found my friend's place of work and was told of someone who might know where he was staying. Went to see her. She tried several phone numbers and finally, around 10:00 p. m. she found him. I went right over to the mobile home where he was house sitting.

I helped him house sit for about a week until his friend re-

turned. He had another house-sitting job already lined up so we went directly over there. This saved me motel bills. This sitting job lasted about ten days. My friend was living in a little 12 foot travel trailer parked in another friend's back yard. He was beginning to feel cramped with his small quarters so he started shopping for a large mobile home.

Many people can't afford houses in Boulder as the cheapest shack cost over \$150,000 because there is a rush of people moving in from California who are escaping the high taxes, earthquakes, mud slides and forest fires. Some are coming from New York too. Boulder is totally an unbelievable city for a person with some real estate experience. To see small very old houses selling for two and three hundred thousand: it just doesn't seem possible. I don't understand why anyone would wish to live in an area with such enervating heat in the fall. I hate to think of how hot it must be in mid summer, but I'm told the winters are mild.

Boulder is a college town for rich kids. Incidentally this makes for exceedingly lucrative dumpster diving. The yard sales are also especially good and cheap.

The cheapest used mobile home we seen was \$7,200. The mobile home parks near town are all filled up. In order to live close-in one has to buy a trailer already parked. My friend found a 12 x 60 trailer that needed some work and offered the owner \$5,700 for it. A couple of days later the owner called and accepted the offer. We moved in about a week later.

The trailer has three bedrooms, a living room, kitchen and bath. It has a storage shed in back and a nice little yard. He pays \$308 per month lot rent and has rented out one bedroom for \$250 per month and is letting me use one of the bedrooms while I'm visiting. I have been helping him a little with the fixing and hauling, etc.

Computer Bargains

I found a used XT (8088) computer in the want ads for \$100 and a Panasonic KX-P1124 24 pin printer that looked like new for \$70. I wrote this issue on this rig but typeset it on the Hewlett Packard Laser Jet printer I just bought for \$169 from a neat little place in Boulder called, Affordable Computer Care Center.

The next day I found an AT (286) with a colored monitor, an SVGA card and a printer at a yard sale, all for \$100. I couldn't resist that. Now I have two computers. I put an ad in the Free Adz paper for the 286 and sold it to the first person who called for \$195.

Sold My House

After I sold my house in Little Falls for \$19,500, my plan was to drive to Maine and look for a sailboat, then sell my car and live on the sailboat and sail it to Florida.

The day before I was ready to leave for Maine, I decided that it would be a difficult sail from Maine to Miami, because I would be sailing against the prevailing winds and the current. So it seemed wiser to sail up the coast in the spring, from Miami to the canal leading into the Great Lakes chain, or go by way of the St. Lawrence River, to Duluth, Minnesota for the hot months.

August is too hot a month to go to Miami to buy a boat. I have heard that December is a better month. So I decided I would go to Boulder and visit a friend until then. I had never been to Boulder in August and didn't know it was so damn hot here. It was still hot here on September 13th. (It snowed on Sept. 21st.) I'm told that they get a little snow in the winter. The altitude is about one mile. It is not polluted like Denver is reported to be, although Denver doesn't seem any more polluted than Minneapolis, which is one of the cleaner cities.

I'm having a good visit with my friend.

While house-sitting at the first place, I put new brake

bands on the rear wheels of my '87 Toyota Tercel. That job took me longer than I had expected. I ran into some complications as one often does if one hasn't done a job for some years. One seems to forget the little tricks of the trade.

Before leaving Little Falls I advertised my house for sale in the Minneapolis paper (100 miles away) in all editions for one Sunday. That small ad cost me \$72. I got a few calls but no lookers. I also put an ad in the St. Cloud paper (30 miles away) for \$29. I got a few calls but no lookers. I also put an ad in the Little Falls weekly (a free paper) and that got plenty of calls and a few lookers and it only cost \$6. I put ads in the LF paper the following two weeks and got good results.

The third week I sold my house to a nice family with one daughter still at home. The sales agreement included all the harvest from the garden. I figured the garden might produce about ten bushels of potatoes and several buckets of tomatoes and misc. vegies.

Made Money

With this experience in the Rat Race, I discovered I still knew how to make money. I made a handsome profit on the house. It was the cheapest house on the market at that time. I did put a hell of a lot of hard work into it and about a thousand dollars for materials. It was really quit satisfying work -- restoring the dilapidated garage. It takes a lot of creativity to figure out how to do it with the least amount of work and money. The heavy lifting brought back muscles that I forgot I had, brought my cholesterol level down to a safe level and reduced the size of my belly.

I bought it right, so I couldn't hardly fail. So now I have a little money again and that feels really good. I told myself 25 years ago, when I retired, that if I ever needed money again I could always jump back into the Rat Race and make some more. I was right.

I had a yard sale and sold and gave away all my stuff except what I could pack into my little car. I even sold my computer.

Sidewalk Cafe

In boulder I found a funky coffee shop called Penny Lane on Pearl Street and 18th. Its inside walls are covered with garbage-collage sculptures and three dimensional paintings. It is on the edge of Boulder's downtown mall. I enjoy sitting at their sidewalk tables to people-watch. I have a pile of LFP's on my table and occasionally have someone to talk with.

Nearby there was a store with a 3 cent copy machine. I made 100 copies of LFP #110 and I give one to any interesting person I meet.

Dena Hanson Executive Secretary Little Free Press

I really lucked out when I sold my home because the buyer's 17 year old daughter was happy to become the Executive Secretary of the Little Free Press. Dena agreed to do the job as a volunteer but I told her that I would add a handling charge of \$2.00 to all orders and she would get that. It will take up much of her time and a person that age needs to have some spending money. So now any donations my readers wish to make will go to Dena.

I am lucky on another score. I will be able to retain my mailing address and she will forward personal letters to me wherever I may be. I think I'll be here in Boulder for a month or so more.

Dumpster-Diving

Around the first of September I did lots of dumpster diving and found some great stuff. The rich college students throw away lots of very good things. My friend found a comfortable couch in very good condition which we put in the living room of his mobile home. I scored stereo components that worked, lots of boards, plywood, chairs, tables, books, cabinets, clothes, dishes, furniture, etc.

Fixed Myself

I felt really beat and without the energy or desire to do anything yesterday morning and a little like that the day before. I just lay on the couch and wondered what was the matter with me. I didn't go to the coffee shop the day before. Was that it? Didn't I have enough strong caffeine in me? Was it the excessive

heat here in Boulder? Was I coming down with Hepatitis?

I decided to try getting back into my routine and went to Penny Lane for coffee and a roll. When I parked my car I remembered that I had looked for my mailing list that morning in my room and it wasn't there and I felt disappointed with myself for forgetting it in Little Falls. So I looked in the trunk of my car and there it was mixed with some other papers. That was a real upper. I had been worried for a few days thinking that I may have forgotten it.

I also looked for the original copy for my little daily-schedule booklet so that I could Xerox a copy for September. I now feel lost without that little reminder of things-to-do. It was nowhere to be found. So I decided to make the same kind of little reminder pad without any printing. When I got home I did just that.

I had coffee and a roll and an interesting discussion with a fellow I had talked with there before.

Later at home I made a list of each of my current little unresolved problems and made some kind of decision about each of them and then I felt good again. I felt like writing and recorded the experience in my journal. I'm sharing this information from my journal in case it might be useful to any LFP readers. This fix-myself is a lot easier, quicker, cheaper and more effective than seeing a shrink when I get depressed.

The next time I feel depressed, I hope I can remember to attempt to analyze my feelings and try to see if I can describe them, i.e., do I feel confused, angry, undecided, frustrated, lonely, hopeless or what? If I can clearly describe that feeling, it should be easier to fix myself and get back into my normal feelings of high energy and creativity. Gosh, I can't wait to get depressed again, so I can experiment more with this system of self-recovery.

Happiness?

I have not yet learned the secret of happiness. I am usually satisfied with myself in the belief that I am growing in understanding. I continue to see more truths as I proceed. I doubt

most of what I was taught in school. I mistrust everything in the mass media and much of the underground media.

Some people name this attitude as "believing in the conspiracy theory" and sluff off my ideas as fanatical or idealistic. But with the 25 years of free time I've had, since I retired, to examine the "System" it is easy to see that the big money people do, in fact, control.

I doubt most of the New Age BS. I have no intention of discarding my ego and melting-in with the whole. I have no intention of being humble and allowing others to tramp over me.

I believe in myself. I have faith in my body's (my every cell's) inherent ability to keep itself healthy and survive.

I believe that "What is best for the individual, over the long view, is best for society." In other words, if I can make a really good life for myself, I will be the happiest. If I am happy, I will be the best teacher (example). Should others try the same approach, we would then have a happy society and not need a government to protect us from each other.

I try not to harm anyone in my search for happiness. I do not seek other people's ill will and retribution. This has been working for me. Life is getting better for me, so I may be doing something right.

Doubting Ernest

People are taught by the Bible not to be "Doubting Thomases." To believe with a blind faith. What excellent training for slaves!

Some of the mass media fear-mongering today is trying to make us afraid of almost every food and drink that we enjoy. It attempts to make us fearful of some of the things we like to do. Fear! Fear! Fear! Bullshit! The mass media is full of it.

They give us half truths. They tell us that high cholesterol foods are bad for us. They neglect to tell us that in cold weather and/or when we do hard and heavy work our body thrives on high cholesterol foods.

I try doing as Ben Franklin said, "... in moderation."

Death!

People have been made fearful of death. It is a most natural

phenomena and need not be feared. Fear of death keeps people in slavery. It keeps people from doing many things they would really like to do.

I no longer fear death. When I get very very old and my body and mind are almost worn out, I think then I will welcome death. I see this in many very old people. It seems valid. While I'm still young (a mere 67 years), I plan to go on until I'm at least 165 years and then re-evaluate and see if I'm ready to terminate, if not I'll attempt to carry on longer. Who knows, by then they may have invented a youth serum or something. (My mother died in her sleep when she was 89. She seemed very happy the preceding day.)

I'm not looking for death now. I'm trying to learn how to get the most out of life. But if I get fooled or I do something foolish and get killed -- what is that to worry about? I'll be dead. Terminated. I don't believe in an after-life so I don't have to worry about going to Hell or to be bored to death in Heaven. I won't have any more worries. I won't feel compelled to fix the world. Then I'll have no more thoughts. I just won't be. No pain. No grief. No problems. Nothing. Everything has an ending. That will be my grand finale.

So there is no reason for me to fear death. I do lots of risky things. But I only take calculated risks. Risks I feel capable of surmounting.

Without fear my body and mind are much more relaxed. I believe that tension and stress weaken us and thus we cannot resist the many germs that are ever present, just waiting to pounce upon stressed-out people. I seldom get sick.

I have a love for life. There are thousands of things I plan to do. I'm in no hurry. I won't have the time to do them all. I try to do the most I can with today and have high expectations for tomorrow. I really expect to be instrumental in changing the whole world over to the logical Priceless Economic System. It will be a better world for me to live in, so you see, I have a very selfish motive for doing the work I do to make change. I am no altruist! (Read Ayn Rand's

book, THE VIRTUE OF SELFISHNESS.)

If I feared death I would be afraid to buck the world-wide profit system. They have made people afraid to challenge them. They rule because of people's fear of death. If you refuse to overcome your fear of death then you will continue to be a slave. Then you will still be afraid to help.

The slaves are allowing the profiteers to rule and pollute our environment and start wars all around the globe.

Big Corporations

Do you find it impossible to believe that the profit motive will eventually cause the big corporations to destroy our environment and make it impossible to survive on this planet? Look how our deserts are growing, lakes and water tables are being polluted, how the climate is changing, how sickness is increasing. If we wish to survive we each have to start helping to make change.

Some of us who have left the Rat Race and are learning how to be self-sufficient, (I am not totally self-sufficient yet.) may be able to survive after the masses have allowed the big corporations to pollute our environment past the point of no return and/or start WWII and kill off most of the world population. Some people say that would be good, but they don't realize they would be killed.

The slave masters, of course, will be safely hidden in their deep mountain caves so they won't care if they kill most of the population with their insane race for profit.

They will keep a few slaves and robots to take care of their needs and to Hell with everyone, except PROFIT.

OK! You think this is ranting and raving? But maybe there is a seed of truth in it.

My Fourth River Trip

Dave Brown had a small tin garage below the Washington Avenue bridge in Minneapolis next to the Mississippi River where he specialized in Volvo repair. I used to stop in and visit. Susan had the only house boat in Minneapolis tied up next to his auto repair shop.

Dave had an old wooden row boat stashed away on his garage

ceiling beams. He said he had salvaged it from the river. Dave offered it to me for \$25. I bought it and started patching it up with roofing tar in the places it leaked.

Eventually I laid out a plan to drift with the river current all the way to New Orleans. The lady friend I had at that time decided to go with me. She painted on both sides of the boat in large bright lettering, "Minneapolis to New Orleans."

The boat preparation took some time as I designed a sea anchor from two by fours and canvas. It was a rectangle frame with a canvas center that bagged out to fill with the river current to pull us down stream against the wind which nearly always tried to push us upstream.

This frame was designed to float in a vertical position and was secured by four ropes, one at each corner. The lines were used to adjust the attitude of the sea anchor to the river current. Pulling in the two right hand lines a little would cause the boat to pull toward the right hand shore.

Then to keep the boat pointing in the direction I desired I constructed a large (about a yard square) above-water rudder. This was a frame covered with vinyl. This was at the stern of the boat and had a tiller-like handle to control it.

This rig was a sight to behold. It took some weeks to develop and build. It takes time to find just the right materials in dumpsters, but I did. What fun this project was. We were finally harassed by the police for doing all this work on public land next to the river. But we got them off our backs by telling them that we would be leaving soon.

We finally boarded our craft with our back packs, a tent, food and other camping gear and headed down stream for New Orleans. It was a hot mid-summer day. There was only about a one knot current.

We were enjoying the peace and quiet of just drifting. We were just a couple of "drifters." I kept fairly busy experimenting with the best angle to hold our little sea anchor that we called, Sea Horse, that was pulling us down stream, and messing with the tiller to keep the boat point-

ing downstream. (As you probably know, an underwater rudder is totally ineffective if the boat is moving with the current and at the same speed.)

The point where we launched was below the final lock on the Mississippi River so there was some barge traffic. When we seen our first barge coming from upstream we were traveling approximately in the middle of the river. I decided on which side to go that looked like the safest side to be on while the barge passed us. I adjusted Sea Horse's angle and we started to move (at about one/half knot per hour) to that shore. Well, this huge tug boat pushing those two huge barges was going faster. It continued getting closer and closer and it seemed like we were not even moving (in comparison). This didn't look one bit good. So I hauled in Sea Horse and started rowing. That wasn't going to do it either so my lady friend grabbed the oars too and we both rowed doubly hard and fast. We were getting very scared. The barge was almost upon us and its engine was making an awful roar. It must have been in full reverse. But it didn't seem to slow down.

We just slipped out of the way in time. The captain yelled out on his bull horn, "You old *@#+&, I would have run you down if it wasn't for that pretty lady with you." What could I say? I just waved to thank him. He probably burned up a lot of fuel trying to slow down. (to be continued)

Video Review

MY DINNER WITH ANDRE
This movie showed for about three months steady at the Cedar Theater in Minneapolis and filled the theater each night back in about 1983. Other movie theaters were almost empty at that time. This film proved that violence is not necessary to sell tickets, nor are expensive props. This is a show of just two men talking as they are dinning in a restaurant. They talk about interesting and very personal things that get at the root of life. They even discuss the money system.

It is on video tape now. My friend just rented it and we viewed it together. He made a copy and is going to have some

friends over to watch it and then we'll discuss the points that are made.

Book Reviews

I WAS ROBOT, by Ernest Mann, 319 page paperback. 1990. \$7.95. This book tells how and why I retired from the Rat Race at age 42 in 1969. It points out the problems in the world-wide money system. It describes a system without these problems. A system for people instead of for profit. It is not a welfare system.

FREE I GOT, by Ernest Mann, 329 page paperback, 1993. \$8.95. This book also points out the present system's problems and the logical solution. It focuses more on how an individual can create their own Utopia in the here and now. It disproves the theory that "No one can be free until everyone is free."

SPECIAL TO SUBSCRIBERS

These books are available to Little Free Press subscribers for \$4.95 (my cost) plus \$1.05 postage and a \$2.00 handling charge for Dena. A Total price of \$8.00 postpaid for each book from LFP, 714 SE Third Street, Little Falls, MN 56345-3510.

LFP Purpose

LFP attempts to get people to recognize the diversions and help them to see the advantages of focusing energy on creating a nearly Utopian world, soonest.

Frequency

LFP came out twice each month for the past year. It may not be as frequent now that I'm traveling.

Subscriptions

Subscription price is \$0.50 per issue, postpaid first class. You may subscribe to as many or as few issues as you wish. There is a \$2.00 handling charge for Dena. I work without pay, but I can't expect other people to ... until they are ready.

Issues back to and including #91 are available for \$0.15 each plus postage and a \$2.00 handling charge for Dena. These issues are just as interesting as the day they were written. Get one and find out for yourself.

Reprinting Permissible

Copy? Please make copies if you can relate to PES. My temporary phone number is 303-443-8977.

10-11-94

Ernest Mann